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SPEECH
OF
HON. CHARLES SUMNER,
NOVEMBER 2, 1855,
IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BOSTON:

Are you for Freedom, or are you for Slavery? This is the question which you are to answer at the coming election. Above all other questions, whether national or local, it now lifts itself, directly in the path of every voter, and calls for a plain and honest reply. There it is. It cannot be avoided. It cannot be banished away. It cannot be silenced. Forever sounding in our ears, it has a mood for every hour—stirring us at times as with the blast of a trumpet—then visiting us in solemn tones, like the bell which calls to prayer—and then again awaking us to our unmistakable duty like the same bell, which at midnight summons all to stay the raging conflagration.

And yet there are persons among us who seek to put this great question aside. Some clamor for financial reform, and hold up a tax-bill; others clamor for a modification of the elective franchise, and they hold up the Pope; some speak in the name of old parties, calling themselves Democrats or Whigs; others in the name of a new party, which shall be nameless at present. Surely the people of Massachusetts will not be diverted from the true issue—involving Freedom for broad territories and Freedom for themselves—by holding up a tax-bill or by holding up the Pope. The people of Massachusetts are intelligent and humane. They are not bulls, to be turned aside by shaking in their eyes a bit of red cloth; nor are they whales, to be stopped by a tub. The pertinacious and exclusive advocacy with which, at this crisis of Freedom, humbler matters and even personal aspirations have been pressed, in disregard of a sacred cause, finds a prototype in an effort of selfishness, which, occurring at the very crisis of our Revolution, was chastised by the humor and eloquence of Patrick Henry. The story is familiar. Our small army, contending for Freedom, was reduced to the depths of distress—exposed almost naked to the rigors of a winter sky, and marking the frozen ground with the blood of shoeless feet. "Where is the man," said Patrick Henry, "who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive the meanest soldier in that little famished band? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you are to judge!" It was to John Hook that he pointed, who was then pressing a vexatious claim for supplies taken for the use of these starving troops. "What notes of discord do I hear?" exclaimed the orator. "They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely brawling through the patriot camp—*Beef! Beef! Beef!*" And now, among us, the selfishness of John Hook is renewed, and politicians disturb the hour, as they hoarsely brawl their petty claims through our patriot camp. But above all these is heard the great question, which will not be postponed, are you for Freedom, or are you for Slavery? "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!" Are you for Freedom, with its priceless blessings, or are you for Slavery, with its countless wrongs and woes? Are you for God, or are you for the Devil?

Fellow-Citizens, I speak plainly; nor can words exhibiting the enormity of Slavery be too plain, whether it be regarded simply in the legislative and judicial decisions by which it is upheld, or in the unquestionable facts by which its character is revealed. It has been my fortune latterly to see Slavery face to face in its own home, in the slave States; and I take this early opportunity to offer my testimony to the open barbarism which it sanctions. I have seen a human being knocked off at auction on the steps of a court-house, and, as the sale went on, compelled to open his mouth and show his teeth, like a horse; I have been detained in a stage-coach, that our driver might, in the phrase of the country, "help lick a nigger;" and I have been constrained, at a public table, to witness the revolting spectacle of a poor slave, yet a child, almost felled to the floor by a blow on the head from a clenched fist. Such incidents were not calculated to shake my original convictions. The distant slaveholder, who, in generous solicitude for that truth which makes for Freedom, feared that, like a certain Doctor of Divinity, I might, under the influence of personal kindness, be hastily swayed from these convictions, may be assured that I saw nothing to change them in one tittle, but to confirm them, while I was entirely satisfied that here in Massachusetts, where all read, the true character of Slavery is better known than in the slave States themselves, where ignorance and prejudice close the avenues of knowledge.

And now, grateful for the attention with which you honor me, I venture to hope that you are assembled honestly to hear the truth; not to gratify prejudice, to appease personal antipathies, or to indulge a morbid appetite for excitement; but with candor and your best discrimination to weigh facts and arguments, in order to determine the course of duty. I address myself particularly to the friends of Freedom—the Republicans—on whose invitation I appear to-night; but I make bold to ask you of other parties, who now listen, to divest yourselves for the time of partisan constraint—to forget for the moment that you are Whigs or Democrats, or how you are called, and to remember only that you are *men*, with hearts to feel, with heads to understand, and with consciences to guide. Then only will you be in a condition to receive the truth. "If men are not aware of the probable bias of party over them, then they are so much the more likely to be blindly governed by it." This is the wise remark of Wilberforce; and I fear that among us there are too many who are unconsciously governed by such bias. There are men, who, while professing candor, yet show that the bitterness of party has entered into their whole character and lives—as the bitterness of the soil in Sardinia is said to appear even in the honey.

At this election we do not choose a President of the United States, or member of Congress, but a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General, and other State officers. To a superficial observer, the occasion seems to be rather local than national; it seems to belong to State affairs rather than Federal—to Massachusetts rather than to the Union. And yet such are our relations to the Union—such is the solidarity of these confederate States—so are we all knit together as a Plural Unit—that the great question which now disturbs and overshadows the whole country, becomes at once national and local, addressing itself alike to the whole Republic and to each constituent part. Freedom in Kansas, and our own Freedom here at home, are both assailed. They must be defended. There are honorable responsibilities belonging to Massachusetts, as an early and constant vindicator of Freedom, which she cannot renounce. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" The distant emigrant—the whole country—awaits the voice of our beloved Commonwealth in answer to the question: Are you for Freedom, or are you for Slavery? So transcendent, so exalted, so all-absorbing, is this question at the present juncture, that it is vain to speak of the position of candidates or other things. To be doubtful on this is to be wrong; and to be wrong on this is to be wholly wrong. Passing strange it is, that here in Massachusetts, in this nineteenth century, we should be constrained to put this question. Passing strange, that when

any hesitation to answer it, by voice and vote, in such way as to speak the loudest for Freedom.

A plain recital will show the urgency for this question. At the period of the Declaration of Independence, upwards of half a million colored persons were held as chattels in the United States. These unhappy people were originally stolen from Africa, or were the children of those who had been stolen, and, though distributed throughout the whole country, were to be found chiefly in the Southern States. The Slavery to which they were reduced was simply a continuation of the violence by which they had been originally robbed of their rights, and was of course as indefensible. The fathers of the Republic, leaders of the war of Independence, were struck with the inconsistency of an appeal for their own liberties, while holding in bondage fellow-men, only "guilty of a skin not colored like their own." The same conviction animated the hearts of the people, whether at the North or the South. Out of ample illustrations, I select one which specially reveals this conviction, and possesses a local interest in this community. It is a deed of manumission, made after our struggles had begun, and preserved in the Probate records of the County of Suffolk. Here it is:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, JONATHAN JACKSON, of Newburyport, in the county of Essex, gentleman, in consideration of the impropriety I feel, and have long felt, in beholding any person in constant bondage, more especially at a time when my country is so warmly contending for the liberty every man ought to enjoy, and having some time since promised my negro man, POMR, that I would give him his freedom, and in further consideration of five shillings, paid me by said POMR, I do hereby liberate, manumit, and set him free; and I do hereby remise and release unto said POMR, all demands of whatever nature I have against said POMR.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this nineteenth June, 1776. — JONATHAN JACKSON. [Seal.]

"Witness, { Mary Cohurn.
 { William Noyes."

Such was the general spirit. Public opinion found free vent in every channel. By the literature of the time, by the voice of the Church, and by the solemn judgment of the College, Slavery was condemned, while all the grandest names of our history were arrayed openly against it. Of these, I might dwell on many; but I am always pleased to mention an illustrious triumvirate, from whose concurring testimony there can be no appeal. There was Washington, who at one time declared that "it was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which Slavery might be abolished by law," and then at another, that, to this end, "his suffrage should not be wanting." There also was Jefferson, who, by early and precocious efforts for "total emancipation," placed himself foremost among the Abolitionists of the land—perpetually denouncing Slavery—exposing the pernicious influences upon the master as well as the slave—declaring that the love of justice and the love of country pleaded equally for the slave, and that "the abolition of domestic Slavery was the greatest object of desire." There also was the venerable patriot, Benjamin Franklin, who did not hesitate to liken the American master of black slaves to the Algerine corsair with his white slaves, and who, as President of the earliest Abolition Society—the same of which Passmore Williamson is now Secretary—by solemn petition, called upon Congress "to step to the very verge of the power vested in it to discourage every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men." Thus completely, by this triumvirate of Freedom, was Slavery condemned, and the power of the Government invoked against it.

By such men and in such spirit was the National Constitution framed. The emphatic words of the Declaration of Independence, which our country took upon its lips as baptismal vows, when it claimed a place among the nations of the earth, were not forgotten. The preamble to the Constitution renews them, when it declares the object of the people of the United States to be, among other things, "to establish justice, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity." Thus, according to undeniable words, the Constitution was ordained, not to establish, secure, or sanction, Slavery—not to promote the special interest of slave-masters, bound

together in oligarchical combination—not to make Slavery national in any way, form, or manner, but to “establish justice,” which condemns Slavery—“to promote the general welfare,” which repudiates every Oligarchy—and “to secure the blessings of Liberty,” in whose presence human bondage must cease. Early in the Convention, Gouverneur Morris broke forth in the language of an Abolitionist: “He never would concur in upholding domestic Slavery. It was a nefarious institution. It was the curse of Heaven.” In another mood, and with mild juridical phrase, Mr. Madison, himself a slaveholder, “thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea of property in man.” The discreditable words, *Slave* and *Slavery*, were not allowed to find a place in the instrument, while a clause was subsequently added by way of amendment, and therefore, according to the rules of interpretation, particularly revealing the sentiments of the founders, which is calculated, like the Declaration of Independence, if practically applied, to carry Freedom everywhere within the sphere of its influence. It was specifically declared that “no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law”—that is, without due presentment, indictment, or other formal judicial proceedings. Here is an express guard of personal Liberty, and a prohibition of Slavery everywhere within the national jurisdiction.

In this spirit was the National Constitution adopted. In this spirit the National Government was first organized under Washington. And here there is a fact of peculiar significance, well worthy of perpetual memory. At the time this great chief took his first oath to support the Constitution of the United States, *the National Ensign nowhere within the National Territory covered a single slave*. On the sea, an execrable piracy, the trade in slaves, was still, to the national scandal, tolerated beneath the national flag. In the States, as a sectional institution, beneath the shelter of local laws, Slavery, unhappily, found a home. But in the only Territories at this time belonging to the Nation—the broad region of the Northwest—it had already, by the Ordinance of Freedom, been made impossible, even before the adoption of the Constitution. The District of Columbia, with its Fated Dowry, had not yet been acquired.

The original policy of the Republic, begun under the Confederation, and recognised at the initiation of the new Government, is clear and unmistakable. Compactly expressed, it was *non-intervention by Congress with Slavery in the States, and its prohibition in all the national domain*. Thus we reconciled all discordant feelings on this subject. Slave-masters were left at home in their respective States, without any intervention from Congress, to hug Slavery until it stung them to contrition, while the great mass opposed to this wrong were properly exempted from any responsibility for it in the national domain.

Most true it is—beyond all question—that our Constitution was framed by the lovers of Human Rights; that it was animated by their divine spirit; that the institution of Slavery was regarded by them with aversion, so that, though covertly alluded to, it was not named in the instrument; that, according to the debates in the Convention, they refused to give it any “sanction,” or “to admit into the Constitution the idea of property in man,” while they looked forward to the certain day when it would be obliterated from the land. Surely, Fellow-Citizens, they did not contemplate any oligarchical combination, constituting a mighty Propaganda, such as we now witness, to uphold and extend it; nor can any person put his finger on any clause, phrase, or word, which sanctions any such Propaganda; and, in making this assertion, I challenge criticism and reply.

But the original policy of the Government did not long prevail. The generous sentiments, which filled the early patriots, giving to them historic grandeur, and which stamped upon the Republic, as upon the coin which it circulated, the very image and superscription of Liberty, gradually lost their power. The blessings of Freedom being already secured to themselves, the freemen of the land became indifferent to the freedom of others. They ceased to think

of the slaves. The slave-masters availed themselves of this indifference, and, though few in number, compared with the non-slave-masters, even in the slave States, they have, under the influence of an imagined self-interest, by the skillful tactics of party, and especially by an unhesitating, persevering union among themselves—swaying by turns both the great political parties—succeeded, through a long succession of years, in obtaining the mastery of the National Government, bending it to their purposes—compelling it to do their will, and imposing upon it a policy offensive to Freedom, and directly opposed to the sentiments of its founders; while on the forehead of the Republic, once beaming with Liberty, they have stamped the image and superscription of SLAVERY.

The actual number of slaveholders in the country was for a long time unknown, and on this account was naturally exaggerated. It was often represented to be very great. On one occasion, a distinguished Representative from Massachusetts, whose name will ever be cherished for his devotion to Human Rights, the Hon. Horace Mann, was rudely interrupted on the floor of Congress by a member from Alabama, who averred that the number of slaveholders was as many as three millions. At that time there was no official document by which this assumption could be corrected. But at last we have it. The late census, taken in 1850, shows that the whole number of this peculiar class—embracing men, women, and children, all told, who are so unfortunate as to hold slaves—was only 347,000; and, of this number, the larger part are small slaveholders, leaving only 92,000 persons as the owners of the great mass of slaves, and as the substantial representatives of this class. And yet this small company—sometimes called the Slave Power, or Black Power, better called the Slave Oligarchy—now dominates over the Republic, determines its national policy, disposes of its offices, and sways all to its absolute will. Yes, Fellow-Citizens, it is an Oligarchy, odious beyond precedent; heartless, grasping, tyrannical; careless of humanity, right, or the Constitution; wanting that foundation of justice which is the essential base of every civilized community; stuck together only by confederacy in spoliation; and constituting in itself a *magnum latrocinium*; while it degrades the free States to the condition of a slave plantation, under the lash of a vulgar, despised, and revolting overseer.

There is nothing in the National Government which the Slave Oligarchy does not appropriate. It entered into and possessed both the old political parties, Whig and Democratic—as witness their servile resolutions at Baltimore—making them one in subserviency, though double in form; and renewing in them the mystery of the Siamese twins, which, though separate in body and different in name, were constrained by an unnatural ligament to a community of exertion. It now holds the keys of every office, from that of President down to the humblest postmaster, compelling all to do its bidding. It organizes the Cabinet. It directs the Army and Navy. It manages every department of public business. It presides over the census. It controls the Smithsonian Institution, founded by the generous charity of a foreigner, to promote the interests of knowledge. It subsidizes the national press, alike in the national capital and in the remotest village of the North. It sits in the chair of the President of the Senate, and also in the chair of the Speaker of the House. It arranges the Committees of both bodies, placing at their head only the servitors of Slavery, and excluding therefrom the friends of Freedom, though entitled to such places by their character and the States they represent; and thus it controls the legislation of the country.

In maintaining its power, the Slave Oligarchy has applied a test for office, very different from that of Jefferson—"Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" These things are all forgotten now, in the single question, "Is he faithful to Slavery?" With arrogant ostracism, it excludes from every national office all who cannot respond to this test. So complete and irrational has this tyrant become, that at this moment, while I now speak, could Washington, or Jefferson, or Franklin, once more descend

from their spheres above, to mingle in our affairs and bless us with their wisdom, not one of them, with his recorded *unretracted* opinions on Slavery, could receive a nomination for the Presidency from either of the political parties calling themselves national; nor, stranger still, could either of these sainted patriots, whose names alone open a perpetual fountain of gratitude in all your hearts, be confirmed by the Senate of the United States for any political function whatever—not even for the office of postmaster. What I now say, amidst your natural astonishment, I have often said before in addressing the people, and more than once uttered from my seat in the Senate; and no man there has made answer, for no man who has sat in its secret sessions, and there learned the test which is practically applied, could make answer; and I ask you to accept this statement as my testimony, derived from the experience of four years, which has been my lot under the commission which I have received from our honored Commonwealth. Yes, Fellow-Citizens, had this test prevailed in the earlier days, Washington—first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen—could not have been created generalissimo of the American forces; Jefferson could not have taken his place on the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence; and Franklin could not have gone forth to France, with the commission of the infant Republic, to secure the invaluable alliance of that ancient Kingdom.

All tyranny, like murder, is foul at the best; but this is most foul, strange, and unnatural, when it is considered that the States, which are the home of the Slave Oligarchy, are far inferior to the free States, in population, wealth, education, schools, churches, libraries, manufactures, and resources of all kinds. By the last census, there was in the free States a solid population of freemen amounting to upwards of 13,000,000, while in the slave States there was a like population of only 6,000,000. In other respects, important to civilization, the disparity was as great. And yet, from the beginning, they have taken to themselves the lion's share among the honors and trusts of the Republic. But, without exposing the game of political "sweepstakes," which the Slave Oligarchy has perpetually played—interesting as it would be—I prefer to hold up for one moment the aggressions and usurpations by which, in defiance of the Constitution, it has made Slavery national, when it is in reality sectional. Here is a brief catalogue:

Early in this century, when the District of Columbia was finally occupied as the national capital, the Slave Oligarchy succeeded, in defiance of the spirit of the Constitution, and even of the express letter of one of its amendments, in securing for Slavery, within the District, the countenance of the National Government. Until then, Slavery had existed nowhere within the exclusive jurisdiction of this Government.

The Slave Oligarchy next secured for Slavery another recognition under the National Government in the broad Territory of Louisiana, purchased from France.

The Slave Oligarchy next placed Slavery again under the sanction of the National Government, in the Territory of Florida, purchased from Spain.

The Slave Oligarchy, waxing powerful, was able, after a severe struggle, to dictate terms to the National Government in the Missouri Compromise, compelling it to receive that State into the Union with a slaveholding Constitution.

The Slave Oligarchy instigated and carried on a most extensive war in Florida, mainly to recover fugitive slaves—thus degrading the army of the United States to be Slave-Hunters.

The Slave Oligarchy wrested from Mexico the Province of Texas, and, triumphing over all opposition, finally secured its admission into the Union, with a Constitution making Slavery perpetual.

The Slave Oligarchy plunged the country in war with Mexico, in order to gain new lands for Slavery.

The Slave Oligarchy, with the meanness as well as the insolence of tyranny, has compelled the National Government to abstain from acknowledging the

neighbor Republic of Hayti, where slaves have become freemen, and established an independent nation.

The Slave Oligarchy has compelled the National Government to stoop ignobly before the British Queen, to secure compensation for slaves, who, in the exercise of the natural rights of man, had asserted and achieved their freedom on the Atlantic Ocean, and afterwards sought shelter in Bermuda.

The Slave Oligarchy has compelled the National Government to seek to negotiate treaties for the surrender of fugitive slaves—thus making our Republic assert abroad, in foreign lands, property in human flesh.

The Slave Oligarchy has joined in declaring the foreign slave trade *piracy*, but insists on the coastwise slave trade, under the auspices of the National Government.

The Slave Oligarchy for several years rejected the petitions to Congress adverse to Slavery—thus, in order to shield this wrong, practically denying the right of petition.

The Slave Oligarchy, in defiance of the privileges secured under the Constitution of the United States, imprisons the free-colored citizens of Massachusetts, and sometimes sells them into bondage.

The Slave Oligarchy insulted and exiled from Charleston and New Orleans the honored representatives of Massachusetts, who were sent to those places, with the commission of the Commonwealth, in order to throw the shield of the Constitution over her colored citizens.

The Slave Oligarchy has, by the pen of Mr. Calhoun, as Secretary of State, in formal despatches, made the Republic stand before the nations of the earth as the vindicator of Slavery.

The Slave Oligarchy has put forth the hideous effrontery, that Slavery can go to all newly-acquired territories, and enjoy the protection of the national flag.

The Slave Oligarchy has imposed upon the country an act of Congress, for the recovery of fugitive slaves, revolting in its requirements, and many times unconstitutional—especially on two grounds: first, as a usurpation by Congress of powers not granted by the Constitution, and an infraction of rights secured to the States; and, secondly, as a denial of Trial by Jury, in a question of Personal Liberty, and a suit at common law.

Such, Fellow-Citizens, are some of the aggressions and usurpations of the Slave Oligarchy! By such steps, the National Government has been perverted from its original purposes, its character changed, and its powers all surrendered to Slavery. Surely, no patriot soul can listen to this recital, without confessing that our first political duty is, at all hazards and without compromise, to oppose this Oligarchy, to dislodge it from the National Government, and to bring the administration back to that character which it enjoyed when first organized under Washington, himself an Abolitionist, and surrounded by Abolitionists, while the whole country, by its Church, its Colleges, its Literature, and all its best voices, was united against Slavery, and the national flag nowhere within the national territory covered a single slave.

Fellow-Citizens, I have said enough to stir you; but this humiliating tale is not yet finished. An Oligarchy seeking to maintain an outrage like Slavery, and drawing its inspiration from this fountain of wickedness, is naturally base, false, and heedless of justice. It is vain to expect that men, who have screwed themselves to become the propagandists of this enormity, will be restrained by any compromise, compact, bargain, or plighted faith. As the less is contained in the greater, so there is no vileness of dishonesty, no denial of human rights, that is not plainly involved in the support of an institution, which begins by changing man created in the image of God into a chattel, and sweeps little children away to the auction-block. A power which Heaven never gave, can be maintained only by means which Heaven can never sanction. And this conclusion of reason is confirmed by late experience; and here I approach the special question under which the country now shakes from side to side. The protracted struggle of 1820, known as the Missouri

Question, ended with the admission of Missouri as a slaveholding State, and the prohibition of Slavery in all the remaining territory, west of the Mississippi and north of $36^{\circ} 30'$. Here was a solemn act of legislation, called at the time a compromise, a covenant, a compact, first brought forward by the Slave Oligarchy, vindicated by it in debate, finally sanctioned by its votes, also upheld at the time by a slaveholding President, James Monroe, and his Cabinet—of whom a majority were slaveholders, including Mr. Calhoun, himself—and made the condition of the admission of Missouri, without which that State could not have been received into the Union. Suddenly, during the last year—without any notice in the press or the prayer of a single petition—after an acquiescence of thirty-three years, and the irreclaimable possession by the Slave Oligarchy of its special share in the provisions of this Compromise—in violation of every obligation of honor, compact, and good neighborhood—and in contemptuous disregard of the out-gushing sentiments of an aroused North, this time-honored Prohibition, in itself a Landmark of Freedom, was overturned, and the vast region, now known as Kansas and Nebraska, was opened to Slavery; and this was done under the disgraceful lead of Northern politicians, and with the undisguised complicity of a Northern President, forgetful of Freedom, forgetful also of his reiterated pledges, that during his administration the repose of the country should receive no shock.

And all this was perpetrated under pretences of popular rights. Freedom was betrayed by a kiss. In defiance of an uninterrupted prescription down to our day—early sustained at the South as well as the North—leaning at once on Jefferson and Washington—sanctioned by all the authoritative names of our history, and beginning with the great Ordinance by which Slavery was prohibited in the Northwest—it was pretended that the people of the United States, who are the proprietors of the national domain, and who, according to the Constitution, may “make all needful rules and regulations” for its government, nevertheless were not its sovereigns—that they had no power to interdict Slavery there; but that this eminent dominion resided in the few settlers, called squatters, whom chance or a desire to better their fortunes first hurried into these places. To this precarious handful, sprinkled over immense spaces, it was left, without any constraint from Congress, to decide, whether into these vast unsettled lands, as into the veins of an infant, should be poured the festering poison of Slavery, destined, as time advances, to show itself in cancers and leprous disease, or whether they should be filled with all the glowing life of Freedom. And this great power, transferred from Congress to these few settlers, was hailed by the new-fangled name of *Squatter Sovereignty*.

It was fit that the original outrage, perpetrated under such pretences, should be followed by other outrages, perpetrated in defiance of these pretences. In the race of emigration, the Freedom-loving freemen of the North promised to obtain the ascendancy, and, in the exercise of the conceded sovereignty of the settlers, to prohibit Slavery. The Slave Oligarchy was aroused to other efforts. Of course, it stuck at nothing. On the day of election, when this vaunted popular sovereignty was first invoked, hirelings from Missouri, having no home in the Territory, entered it in bands of fifties and hundreds, and, assuming an electoral franchise to which they had no claim, trampled under foot the Constitution and laws. Violently, ruthlessly, the polls were possessed by these invaders. The same Northern President, who did not shrink from unblushing complicity in the original outrage, now assumed another complicity. Though prompt to lavish the Treasury, the Army and the Navy of the Republic, in hunting a single slave through the streets of Boston, he could see the Constitution and laws which he was sworn to protect, and those popular rights which he had affected to promote, all struck down in Kansas, and then give new scope to these invaders by the removal of the faithful Governor—who had become obnoxious to the Slave Oligarchy because he would not become their tool—and the substitution of another, who vindicated the dishonest choice by making haste, on his first arrival there, to embrace

the partisans of Slavery. The Legislature, which was constituted by the overthrow of the electoral franchise, proceeded to overthrow every safeguard of Freedom. At one swoop, it adopted all the legislation of Missouri, including its Slave Code; by another act it imposed unprecedented conditions upon the exercise of the electoral franchise, and by still another act it denounced the *punishment of death* no less than five times against as many different forms of interference with the alleged property in human flesh, while all who only write or speak against Slavery are adjudged to be felons. Yes, Fellow-Citizens, should any person there presume to print or circulate the speech in which I now express my abhorrence of Slavery, and deny its constitutional existence anywhere within the national jurisdiction, he would become liable under this act as a felon. And this overthrow of all popular rights is done in the name of Popular Sovereignty. Surely its authors follow well the example of the earliest Squatter Sovereign—none other than Satan—who, stealing into Eden, was there discovered, by the celestial angels, just beginning his work; as Milton tells us,

“——— him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.”

Would you know the secret of this unprecedented endeavor, beginning with the repeal of the Prohibition of Slavery, down to the latest atrocity? The answer is at hand. It is not merely to provide new markets for slaves, or even to guard Slavery in Missouri, but to build another slave State, and thus, by the presence of two additional slaveholding Senators, to give increased preponderance of the Slave Oligarchy in the National Government. As men are murdered for the sake of their money, so is this Territory blasted in peace and prosperity, in order to wrest its political influence to the side of Slavery.

But a single usurpation is not enough to employ the rapacious energies of our Oligarchy. At this moment, while the country is pained by the heartless conspiracy against Freedom in Kansas, we are startled by another effort, which contemplates, not merely the political subjugation of the National Government, but the actual introduction of Slavery into the free States. The vaunt has been made, that slaves will yet be counted in the sacred shadow of the monument on Bunker Hill, and more than one step has been taken towards this effrontery. A person of Virginia has asserted his right to hold slaves in New York on the way to Texas; and this claim is still pending before the highest judicial tribunal of the land. A similar claim has been asserted in Pennsylvania, and thus far been sustained by the Court. A blameless citizen, who, in obedience to his generous impulses, and in harmony with the received law, merely gave notice to a person held as a slave in a free State, that she was in reality free, has been thrust into jail, and now, after the lapse of months, still languishes there, the victim of this pretension; while—that no excess might be wanting in the madness of this tyranny—the great writ of *Habeas Corpus*, proudly known as the writ of deliverance, has been made the instrument of his imprisonment. Outrage treads upon outrage, and great rights pass away to perish. Alas! the needful tool for such work is too easily found in places high and low—in the alleys and cellars of Boston—on the bench of the Judge—in the chair of the President. But it is the power behind which I arraign. The Slave Oligarchy does it; the Slave Oligarchy does it all.

To the prostration of this Oligarchy you are bound by a three-fold cord of duty: first, as you would secure Freedom for yourselves; secondly, as you would uphold Freedom in distant Kansas; and, thirdly, as you would preserve the Union in its early strength and integrity. The people of Kansas are many of them from Massachusetts—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; but, as fellow-citizens under the Constitution, they are bound to us by ties which we cannot disown. Nay, more: by the subtle cord which connects this embryo settlement with the Republic, they are made a part of us. The outrage which touches them, touches us. What galls them, galls us. The fetter which binds the slave in Kansas, binds every citizen in Massachusetts. Thus are we prompted to their rescue, not only to save them, but also to save ourselves. The

tyranny which now treads them down, has already trampled on us, and only awaits an opportunity to do it again. In its complete overthrow is the only way of safety. Indeed, this must be done before anything else can be done. In vain you seek economy in the Government, improvement of rivers and harbors, or dignity and peace in our foreign relations, while this Power holds the national purse and the national sword. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the door will be wide open for all generous reforms. Oh! the imagination loses itself in the vain endeavor to picture the good that will be then accomplished. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and Liberty will become the universal law of all the national Territories; Slavery will cease at once in the national capital; the slave trade will no longer skulk along our coasts, beneath the national flag; and the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Bill will be driven from the statute-book. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the National Government will be at length divorced from Slavery, and the national policy will be changed from Slavery to Freedom. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the North will no longer be the vassal of the South. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the North will be admitted to its just share in the trusts and honors of the Republic. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and you will possess the master-key with which to unlock the whole house of bondage. Prostrate the Slave Oligarchy, and the gates of emancipation will be open at the South.

To this work, Fellow-Citizens, you are now summoned. By your votes you are to declare, not merely your predilection for men, but your devotion to principles. Men are erring and mortal. Principles are steadfast and immortal. Forgetting all other things—especially forgetting men—you are to cast your votes so as best to promote Freedom.

But in the choice of men we are driven to the organization of parties; and here occurs the practical question on which hinges our immediate duty. By what political party can our desire be accomplished? There are individuals in all the parties, even the Democratic, who hate Slavery, and say so; but a political party cannot be judged by the private opinions of some of its members. Something else more solid and tangible must appear. The party that we select, to bear the burden and honor of our great controversy, must be adapted to the work. It must be a perfect machine. Wedded to Freedom for better or for worse, and cleaving to it with a grasp never to be unloosed, it must be clear, open, and unequivocal, in its declarations, and must admit no other question to divert its energies. It must be all in Freedom, and, like Cæsar's wife, it must be above suspicion. But besides this character which it must sustain in Massachusetts, it must be prepared to take its place in close phalanx with the united masses of the North, now organizing through all the free States, *junctaque umbone phalanges*, for the protection of Freedom, and the overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy.

Bearing these conditions in mind, there are three parties which we may dismiss, one by one, as they pass in review. Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; nor do they expect patriotism from Benedict Arnold. A party which sustains the tyrannies and perfidies of the Slave Oligarchy, and is represented by the President through whom has come so much of all our woe, need not occupy our time; and such is the Democratic party. If there be within the sound of my voice a single person, who, professing sympathy with Freedom, still votes with this party, to him I would say: The name of Democrat is a tower of strength; let it not be a bulwark of Slavery; for the sake of a name, do not sacrifice a thing; for the sake of a party, do not surrender Freedom.

According to a familiar rule, handed down from distant antiquity, we are to say nothing but good of the dead. Now, then, shall I speak of the late powerful Whig party—by whose giant contests the whole country was once upheaved—but which has now ceased to exist, except as the shadow of a name? Here in Massachusetts, a few, who do not yet know that it is dead, have met together and proffered their old allegiance. They are the Rip Van Winkles of our politics. This respectable character, falling asleep in the moun-

tains, drowsed undisturbed throughout the whole war of the Revolution, and, then returning to his native village, ignorant of all that had passed, proposed to drink the health of King George. But our Whigs are less tolerant and urbane than this awakened Dutchman. In petulant and irrational assumptions they are like the unfortunate judge, who, being aroused from his slumbers on the bench by a sudden crash of thunder, exclaimed, "Mr. Crier, stop the noise in Court." The thunder would not be hushed; nor will the voice of Freedom, now reverberating throughout the land. Some there are among these who openly espouse the part of Slavery, while others, by their indifference, place themselves in the same unhappy company. If their position at this moment were of sufficient importance to justify grave remark, they should be exhibited as kindred in spirit and isolation to the Tories of our Revolution, or at least as the Bourbons of Massachusetts—always claiming everything, learning nothing, forgetting nothing, and at last condemned by an aroused people for their disloyalty to Freedom.

That no person who truly loves Freedom may join this company, tempted by its name, its music, and its banners, I now read the language of welcome and sympathy, addressed to them by a distant journal, the *St. Louis Republican*, a paper which has sustained the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and the worst outrages which have followed. The article is entitled, "A Bugle Note from the Right Quarter;" and after saying that "the Whig Spirit is up in Massachusetts," proceeds to say:

"When we see Stevenson and Hillard and Walley, and hosts of such men, consulting together for the public good; and Winthrop and Choate and Washburn, and others, deliberately putting upon record their approval of the movement, and their condemnation of a geographical party, we cannot doubt the regeneration of Massachusetts."

After this commendation of our Whig brethren, the same paper proceeds in its next article to express its sympathy with what it calls "the Pro-Slavery men of Kansas."

There is still another party, which claims your votes, but permit me to say, at this crisis, with small pretence. I am at a loss to determine the name by which it may be properly called. It is sometimes known as the Know Nothing party; sometimes as the American party; but it cannot be entitled to these designations—if they be of any value—for it does not claim to belong to the organization which first assumed and still retains them. It is an isolated combination, peculiar to Massachusetts, which, while professing certain political sentiments, is bound together by the support of one of the candidates for Governor. At this moment, this is its controlling idea. It is therefore a *personal party*, and I trust that I shall not be considered as departing from that courtesy which is with me a law, if I say that, in the absence of any appropriate name, expressive of principles, it may properly take its designation from the candidate it supports. It is not a party of Whigs, Democrats, Hunkers, or Free-Soilers; but it is a party of Gardnerites.

Of course, such a party wants the first essential condition of the organization which we seek. It is a *personal party*, whose controlling idea is a predilection for a man, and not a principle. Whatever may be the private sentiments of some of its members, clearly it is not a party wedded to Freedom for better and for worse, and cleaving to it with a grasp never to be unloosed. While professing opposition to Slavery, it also arraigns Catholics and foreigners, and allows the question of their privileges to disturb its energies. It is not all in Freedom; nor is it, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Besides, even as a party of Freedom, it is powerless from its isolation; for it stands by itself, and is in no way associated with that great phalanx now rallying throughout the North. In this condition, should it continue to exist, it will, in the coming Presidential contest, from natural affinity lapse back into the American party of the country, which is ranged on the side of Slavery. Of course, as a separate party, it is necessarily short-lived. Cut off from the main body, it may still show a brief vitality, as the head of a turtle still bites for some days

after it is severed from the neck; but it can have no permanent existence. Surely this is not the party of Freedom which we seek.

But the incompetency of this party, as the organ of our cause, is enhanced by the unbecoming secrecy in which it had its origin, and yet shrouds itself. For myself, let me say, that on the floor of the Senate I have striven, by vote and speech, in conjunction with my distinguished friend, Mr. CHASE, for the limitation of the secret sessions of that body, under shelter of which so much of the business of the nation is transacted; and I have there presented, as a fit model for American institutions, the example of that ancient Roman, who bade his architect so to construct his house, that his guests and all that they did might be seen by the world. What I have urged there I now urge here. But the special aims which this party proposes seem to be in harmony with the darkness in which it begins. Even if justifiable on any grounds of public policy, they should not be associated with our cause; but I am unwilling to allude to them without expressing my frank dissent.

It is proposed to attain men for their religion, and also for their birth. If this object can prevail, vain are the triumphs of Civil Freedom in its many hard-fought fields; vain is that religious toleration which we all profess. The fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Inquisition, the proscriptions of non-conformists, may all be revived. It was mainly to escape these outrages, dictated by a dominant religious sect, that our country was early settled, in one place by Quakers, who set at naught all forms; in another by Puritans, who disowned bishops; in another by Episcopalians, who take their name from bishops; and in yet another by Catholics, who look to the Pope as their Spiritual Father. Slowly among the struggling sects was evolved the great idea of the Equality of all men before the law, without regard to religious belief; nor can any party now organize a proscription merely for religious belief, without calling in question this unquestionable principle.

But Catholics are mostly foreigners, and, on this account, are condemned. Let us see if there be any reason in this; and here indulge me with one word on foreigners.

With the ancient Greeks a foreigner was a *barbarian*, and with the ancient Romans he was an *enemy*. In early modern times, the austerity of this judgment was relaxed; but, under the influence of feudalism, the different sovereignties, whether provinces or nations, were kept in a condition of isolation, from which they have been gradually passing, until now, when the provinces are merged into nations, and nations are giving signs that they too will yet commingle into one. In our country, another example is already displayed. From all nations, people commingle here. As in ancient Corinth, by the accidental fusion of all metals, accumulated in the sacred temples, a peculiar metal was produced, better than any individual metal, even silver or gold, so perhaps, in the arrangements of Providence, by the fusion of all races here, there may be a better race than any individual race, even Saxon or Celt. Originally settled from England, the Republic has been strengthened and enriched by generous contributions of population from Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Sweden, France, and Germany; and the cry is still they come. At no time since the discovery of the New World, has the army of emigrants pressed so strongly in this direction. Nearly half a million are annually landed on our shores. The manner in which they shall be received is one of the problems of our national policy.

All will admit that any influence which they may bring, hostile to our institutions—calculated to substitute priestcraft for religion, and bigotry for Christianity—must be deprecated and opposed. All will admit, too, that there must be some assurance of their purpose to become not merely consumers of the fruits of our soil, but useful, loyal, and permanent members of our community, upholders of the general welfare. With this simple explanation, I am not disposed to place any check upon the welcome to foreigners. There are our broad lands, stretching towards the setting sun; let them come and take them. Ourselves the children of the Pilgrims of a former genera-

tion, let us not turn from the Pilgrims of the present. Let the home, founded by our emigrant fathers, continue open in its many mansions to the emigrants of to-day.

The history of our country, in its humblest as well as its most exalted spheres, testifies to the merits of foreigners. Their strong arms have helped furrow our broad territory with canals, and stretch in every direction the iron rail. They have filled our workshops, navigated our ships, and even tilled our fields. Go where you will, among the hardy sons of toil on land or sea, and there you will find industrious and faithful foreigners bending their muscles to the work. At the bar and in the high places of commerce you will find them. Enter the retreats of learning, and there you will find them too, shedding upon our country the glory of science. Nor can any reflection be cast upon foreigners, claiming hospitality now, which will not glance at once upon the distinguished living and the illustrious dead—upon the Irish Montgomery, who perished for us at the gates of Quebec—upon Pulaski the Pole, who died for us at Savannah—upon De Kalb and Steuben, the generous Germans, who aided our weakness by their military experience—also upon those great European liberators, Kosciuszko of Poland, and Lafayette of France, each of whom paid his early vows to Liberty in our cause. Nor should this list be confined to military characters, so long as we gratefully cherish the name of Alexander Hamilton, who was born in the West Indies, and the name of Albert Gallatin, who was born in Switzerland, and never, to the close of his octogenarian career, lost the French accent of his boyhood—both of whom rendered civic services which may be commemorated among the victories of peace.

Nor is the experience of our Republic peculiar. Where is the country or power which must not inscribe the names of foreigners on its historic scroll? It was Christopher Columbus, of Genoa, who disclosed to Spain the New World; it was Magellan, of Portugal, sailing in the service of Spain, who first pressed with adventurous keel through those distant southern straits which now bear his name, and open the way to the vast Pacific sea; and it was Cabot the Venitian, who first conducted English enterprise to this North American continent. As in the triumphs of discovery, so also in other fields have foreigners excelled. The Dutch Grotius, author of the sublime work, "The Laws of Peace and War," an exile from his own country, became the Ambassador of Sweden; and in our own day, the Emperor of Russia has employed in the most exalted diplomatic trusts the Italian Pozzo di Borgo. In the list of monarchs on the throne of England, not one has been more truly English than the Dutch William. In Holland, no ruler has equalled in renown the German William, Prince of Orange. In Russia, the German Catharine II takes a place among the most commanding sovereigns. And who of the Swedish monarchs was a better Swede than Bernadotte the Frenchman; and what Frenchman was ever filled with aspirations for France more than the Italian Napoleon Bonaparte?

But I pass from these things, which have occupied me too long. A party, which, beginning in secrecy, interferes with religious belief, and founds a discrimination on the accident of birth, is not the party for us.

It was the sentiment of that great apostle of Freedom, Benjamin Franklin, uttered during the trials of the Revolution, that, "Where Liberty is, there is my country." In similar strain, I would say, "Where Liberty is, there is my party." Such an organization is now happily constituted here in Massachusetts, and in all the free States, under the name of the Republican party.

In assuming our place as a distinct party, we simply give form and direction, in harmony with the usage and genius of popular Governments, to a movement which stirs the whole country, and does not find an adequate and constant organ in either of the other existing parties. The early opposition to Slavery was simply a sentiment, out-gushing from the hearts of the sensitive and humane. In the lapse of time, it became a fixed principle, inspiring large numbers, and showing itself first in an organized endeavor to resist the annexation of slaveholding Texas; next, to prohibit Slavery in newly acquired terri-

ories; and now, alarmed by the overthrow of all rights in Kansas, and the domination of the Slave Oligarchy throughout the Republic, it is aroused to a stronger effort and a wider union, inspiring yet larger numbers and firmer resolves—even as the fountain, first out-gushing from the weeping sides of its pure mountain home, trickles into the rill, and flows into the river, till at last, swollen with accumulated waters, traversing states, washing the feet of cities, proudly bearing a nation's commerce, it presses onward, forever onward, in irresistible beneficent current, to the open sea.

Parties are the natural expression of a strong public sentiment, which seeks vent. As old controversies subside, the parties by which they have been conducted must yield to others, which represent the actual life of the times. In obedience to this law, political parties in France and England—the only countries where these are known—have undergone mutations with time. In France, under the royalty of Louis Philippe, the small band of Republicans, feeble at first in numbers, and represented in the Legislature by a few persons only, but strong in principles and purpose, rallied together, and at length prevailed over the old parties, until all were equally subverted by Louis Napoleon, and their place supplied by the enforced unity of despotism. In England, the most brilliant popular triumph of her history—the repeal of the monopoly of the corn laws—was finally carried by means of a newly-formed but wide-spread political organization, which combined men of all the old parties, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, and put forward the single idea of opposition to the corn laws, as its end and aim. In the spirit of these examples, the friends of Freedom, in well-compacted ranks, now unite to uphold their cherished principles, and by combined efforts, according to the course of parties, to urge them upon the Government and the country.

Our party has its origin in the exigencies of the hour. Vowing ourselves against Slavery wherever it exists, whether enforced by the Russian knout, the Turkish bastinado, or the lash of the Carolina planter, we do not seek to interfere with it at Petersburg, Constantinople, or Charleston; nor does any such grave duty rest upon us. Our political duties are properly limited by our political responsibilities; and we are in no just sense responsible for the local law or usage by which human bondage in these places is upheld. But wherever we are responsible for the wrong, there our duty begins. The object to which, as a party, we are pledged, is all contained in the acceptance of the issue which the Slave Oligarchy tenders. To its repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and its imperious demand that Kansas shall be surrendered to Slavery, we reply, that Freedom shall be made the universal law of all the national domain, without compromise, and that hereafter no slave State shall be admitted into the Union. To its tyrannical assumption of supremacy in the National Government, we reply, that the Slave Oligarchy shall be overthrown. Such is the practical purpose of the Republican party.

It is to uphold and advance this cause, that we have come together, leaving the parties to which we have been respectively attached. Now, in the course of human events, it becomes our duty to dissolve the political bands which bound us to the old organizations, and to assume a separate existence. Our Declaration of Independence has been made. Let us, in the spirit of our Fathers, pledge ourselves to sustain it with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. In thus associating and harmonizing from opposite quarters, in order to promote a common cause, we have learned to forget former differences, and to appreciate the motives of each other. We have learned how trivial are the matters on which we may disagree, compared with the Great Issue on which we all agree. Old prejudices have vanished. Even the rancors of political antagonism have been changed and dissolved, as in a potent alembic, by the natural, irresistible affinities of Freedom. In our union, we have ceased to wear the badges of either of the old organizations. We have become a new party, distinct, independent, permanent, under a new name, with Liberty as our watchword, and our flag inscribed, "By this sign conquer."

Our object is reasonable, consistent with the Constitution, and required by

just self-defence. And yet it is assailed from opposite quarters and by various objections.

It is even objected, that our movement is actually *injurious* to the very cause we seek to promote; and this paradoxical accusation, which might naturally show itself among the rank weeds of the South, is cherished here on our free soil, by those who anxiously look for any fig-leaf with which to cover their indifference or tergiversation. This peculiar form of complaint is an old device which has been instinctively employed on other occasions, until it has ceased to be even plausible. Thus, throughout all time, has every good cause been encountered. Even Wilberforce, when pressing the abolition of the slave trade, was told that those efforts by which his name is now consecrated forevermore, tended to retard the cause he sought to promote, even to the extent of riveting anew the chains of the slave; and, mentioning this great example, I may dismiss the objection to the contempt it deserves.

With more pertinacity it is objected, that ours is a *sectional* party, and the significant words of Washington are quoted, to warn the country against "geographical" questions. This is a mere bugbear, with which to disturb timid nerves. It is a part of the intolerable usurpation of the Slave Oligarchy, that the sectional institution of Slavery is exalted to be national in its character, so that a National Whig is simply a Slavery Whig, and a National Democrat is simply a Slavery Democrat. According to the true interpretation of the Constitution, Freedom and not Slavery is national, while Slavery and not Freedom is sectional. Now, if the Republican party proposed any measures calculated to operate exclusively upon any "geographical" section, or if it sought to direct the powers of Congress upon Slavery in the States, then perhaps it might be obnoxious to this charge; but as it simply acts against Slavery under the National jurisdiction, and seeks to dislodge the Slave Oligarchy from their usurped control of the National Government, it is absurd to say that it is sectional. Our aim is in no respect sectional, but in every respect national. It is in no respect against the South, but against the Evil Spirit at the South, which has perverted our national politics. As well might it be said, that Washington and Jefferson and Franklin were sectional, and against the South. To all who are really against *sectionalism*, I would say, What sectionalism so direful as that of Slavery? To all who profess to be against *isms*, I would say, What *ism* so wretched as the *ism* of Slavery? If you are in earnest, join the national party of Freedom.

Again: it is objected that the Republican party is *against the Union*, and we are reminded of the priceless blessings which come from this fountain. Here is another bugbear. With us, the Union is not the object of mere lip-service; but it is cherished in simple sincerity—as the aged Lear was loved by his only faithful daughter, "according to her bond; nor more nor less." Our party does nothing against the Union, but everything for it. It strives to guard those great principles which the Union was established to secure, and thus to keep it ever worthy of our love. It seeks to overthrow that baleful Oligarchy, under which the Union has been changed from a vessel of honor to a vessel of dishonor. In this patriot work it will persevere, regardless of menace from any quarter. Not that I love the Union less, but Freedom more, do I now, in pleading this great cause, insist that Freedom, at all hazards, shall be preserved. God forbid, that, for the sake of the Union, we should sacrifice the sacred things for which the Union was made.

And yet, again, it is objected that ours is a party of a *single idea*. This is a phrase, and nothing more. The party may not recognise certain measures of public policy, deemed by some of special importance; but it does what is better, and what other parties fail to do. It acknowledges those beneficent principles, which, like the great central light, vivify all, and without which all is dark and sterile. The moving cause and the animating soul of our party is the idea of Freedom. But this idea is manifold in character and influence. It is the idea of the Declaration of Independence. It is the great idea of the founders of the Republic. It is the idea which combined our fathers on the heights of Bunker Hill; which carried Washington through a seven years'



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war; which inspired Lafayette; w Adams, Otis, and Patrick Henry. elevating; it is an idea which draws in its train all the charities of life—all that makes earth a home of improvement and business—

Her path, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame.
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

Thus do all objections disappear, even as the mists of morning before the sun rejoicing like a strong man to run his race. The Republican party stands vindicated in every particular. It only remains that I should press the question with which I began—"Are you for Freedom, or are you for Slavery?" As it is right to be taught by the enemy, let us derive instruction from the Oligarchy we oppose. The 347,000 slave-masters are always united. Hence their strength. Like arrows in a quiver, they cannot be broken. The friends of Freedom have thus far been divided. They, too, must be united. In the crisis before us, it becomes you all to forget ancient feuds, and those names which have been the signal of strife. There is no occasion to remember anything but our duties. When the fire-bell rings at midnight, we do not ask if it be Whigs or Democrats, Protestants or Catholics, natives or foreigners, who join our efforts to extinguish the flames; nor do we ask any such question in selecting our leader, then. Men of all parties, Whigs and Democrats, or however named, let me call upon you to come forward, and join in a common cause. Do not hesitate. When Freedom is in danger, all who are not for her are against her. The penalty of indifference, in such a cause, is akin to the penalty of opposition; as is well pictured by the great Italian poet, when, among the saddest on the banks of Acheron—rending the air with outcries of torment, shrieks of anger, and smiting of hands—he finds the troop of dreary souls who had been cyphers only in the great conflicts of life:

Mingled with whom, of their disgrace the proof,
Are the vile angels, who did not rebel,
Nor kept their faith to God, but stood aloof.

Come forth, then, from the old organizations; let us range together. Come forth, all who have stood aloof from parties. Here is an opportunity for action. You who place principles above men, come forward! All who feel in any way the wrong of Slavery, take your stand! Join us, ye lovers of Truth, of Justice, of Humanity! And let me call especially upon the young. You are the natural guardians of Liberty. In your firm resolves and generous souls she will find her surest protection. The young man who is not willing to serve in her cause—to suffer, if need be, for her—gives little promise of those qualities which secure an honorable age.

Fellow-Citizens, we found now a new party. Its corner-stone is Freedom. Its broad, all-sustaining arches are Truth, Justice, and Humanity. Like the ancient Roman Capitol, at once a Temple and a Citadel, it shall be the fit shrine for the genius of American Institutions.

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